road a monopoly of state traffic. Stocks had been hammered down,

had considered their railroad stock as

safe an investment as government

bonds now stayed in town for lack of

funds to go away for the summer; or else in order to seek eager alliance

with the Fighter's swift-swelling in-terests. Pompton Avenue was hard hit. Nor was this the sum of Caleb's warm weather activities. There were other deals less widely blazoned, yet

quite as remunerative; deals that plunged so far beneath the surface

of practical politics as to emerge black with the mire of the bottom. But it was gold-bearing mud, and Caleb knew

the secret of assaying it. These sub-merged ventures brought at odd hours to the stuffy private office a succes-

sion of slum-dwellers; even as the mergers brought, at other hours, the

not come. It would not come. Con-over could have told them that, had

But, when the hot night came, and

But there was as little merriment in

the laugh as with most mortals who seek to evoke self-amusement from the

same cause. It was in one of these desolate

noods, after a twelve-hour day's cease

ne evening to call on Letty Standish

He had not for a moment abandoned his idea of making her his wife. But

st step before his approach was

Her involuntary little

Miss Standish had recovered herself sufficiently to welcome the late arrival

with a deprecatory effort at cordiality and to introduce him to three or four young people of the neighborhood who dropped in for an informal summer's evening chat.

"Glad to see you again, Miss Stand-lsh!" exclaimed Caleb, heartly, after

brought the story to a premature clo

noticed.

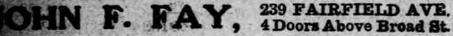
dusk.

Letty .-

Whiskey

Full Aquarts, 7-year-old \$500

BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



class Furniture, Draperies and Nevelties, re-upholng and refinishing)furniture, Shades and Curtains in



PERENTAL WIN

## 20 Per Cent. Down 10 Per Cent. Per Month

New Yorklis the greatest market in the world for precious as Diamond Importers and Manufacturing Jewelers. We are Largest Diamond Importers in the World. Our Diamonds are abso-Blue White; accurately cut, exquisitely polished. With every and we give a Certificate guaranteeing Quality and Value. Our use business, long experience and high standing insure you a of from 15 to 25 per cent. on prices charged elsewhere. Our sections are Strictly Confidential. We deliver any article purchased first payment. We trust you—because our business is based on faith in the integrity of the people. We send any article selected for your examination without expense. If acceptable, keep Diamond Ring or other purchase and make first payment. Send for our litestrated Catalogue 19 containing descriptions and prices. It is siled Free to any address.

M LYUN & CU. 71-73 Nassau St N Y

# THIS MEANS YOU! A POINTER

REQUISITES TO AN UP-TO-DATE, AND WELL-PRINTED ASSORT-MENT OF OFFICE STATIONERY. "A MAN IS JUDGED BY THE COM-PANY HE KEEPS." THE SAME RULE APPLIES TO THE STATION-ERY OF BUSINESS MEN.

The Farmer Publishing Co.

27 Fairfield Ave.,

Bridgeport, Conn.

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE Author of "Caleb Conover, Railroader," "Dr. Dale," "On Glory's Trail," etc. PRANK F. LOVELL COMPANY

curity.

Copyright, 1909, by Albert Payson Terhune 

"I can't, Dey. I've got-" "Now. I suppose you expect me to be a lowly squidge, and sigh and say 'Oh, very well!' " she retorted. "But I'm not going to do anything of the sort. Listen: You've never had a vacation. Then it's time you took one. I'd be ashamed to be so inexperienced, if I were you. You've got a lot of irons in the fire. Very well then; you have

in the fire. Very well then; you have two whole months to get enough of them out to let you take a fortnight's rest. You've never gone anywhere with me, Caleb. You've just been with me for an aftenoon or an evening when half your mind was on that wretched railroad. Think of our being together for two gorgeous outdoor weeks, with nothing to do but have all the good times there are. And in the Adiron-dacks, too. Caleb!"
"I'd—I'd love to, Dey, if—"

"So then it's all arranged!" she cried "Hold on!" he exclaimed. "I can't.

"Now, I shall have to discipline you," "Now, I shall have to discipline you," she sighed. "I see that. I was afraid I'd have to. Look me in the eyes! Now, say after me: 'I promise to come to the Antlers for a fortnight this summer.' Say it!"

"I—Why, Dey, I—"

"That isn't what I told you to say!" she broke in, stemly. "Say it now. Slowly. 'I promise to—Say it!"

"I promise to—" he repeated in resignation.

'Come to the Antiers for a fortnight this summer. Say it!"
"Come to the Antiers for a fortnight this summer," he groaned. "Lord! What'll my work do, while I—?"
"Now see how nice you are!" exulted Desires. "You're being good at last. Don't you feel happier now you've stopped being bad and obstinate? Say so!"

"Does it make you happier?" he evaded.
"Of course it does. But," she added

paying truth its strict due, "of course
I knew you were coming anyhow. Now
let's talk about it."
"But say," he protested. "S'pose you "But say," he protested. Spose you an' your aunt run down to Coney Island or Atlantic City after you leave the Adriondacks; an' let me come down there instead? There's lots of fun to be had at those places. But what can I do up in the woods? Just measly ees an' sky an' water; an' not even Loop the Loop or a music hall, I pose. Gee! It's too slow for my

s-pose. Gee! It's too slow for my tasta."

"Then it is my mission to improve your taste," she insisted, frowning down his amendment as unworthy of note. "Don't you want to like the

" he answered, obediently, "Yes," he answered, obediently.

"And when you know it will give me twice as much fun if you're there with

twice as much fun if you're there with me, you'll want to come to the Adiron-dacks, won't you?"

"If it'd make any sort of a hit with you, Dey" he answered in full honesty. "Td spend those two weeks in a contagions ward. An' you know it. But what in thunder is there to do up in the wilderness?"

"We can go on compling trips for in the wilderness?"
"We can go on camping trips, for one thing," she said eagerly, "and cook our own meals out in the forest and sit around camp-fires and—"
"I did all those thing when I was

workin' on the section gang eighteen years ago," interpolated Caleb. "An' got one-eighty-five a day for doin' it. It didn't get much enthoosiasm out of me then. Maybe it's better fun though when you have to pay hotel rates for the priv'lege. Any more rates for the privilege. Any more

alcorments?"
"A great many," said she coldly.
"But I shall punish you by not telling
you any of them. You haven't seen
Miss Standish since the day we went

to the Arareek Club?"
"No," he answered, too accustomed "No." he answered, too accustomed to her quick changes of theme to see anything significant in the careless question. "But I hope to see quite a lot of her this summer. She's stayin' late in town. An' it'il be lonesome for me after you're gone. I guess she an' I'il get hetter acquainted before fail."
"You still have that—plan—you spoke of?" she answered, speaking low and hurriedly.
"Sure!" he answered. "I don't let go of plans, once I've took the trouble fighting. He had always been fighting. Just now, battle was as the breath of his nostrils. For he was waging a winning fight; warring and winning on a scale to which he had never before been able to attain. And the militant buildog part of him was strangely

go of plans, once I've took the trouble to make 'em. I'll let you know how I come out. But there ain't much

doubt."

He checked himself, remembering all at once how a similar vaunt had been received by Desiree a few weeks earlier. But now, to his covert glance of apprehension, the girl's delicate face showed no sign of resentment. He noticed, however, for the first time, that her aspect had but a shade of its usual fresh buoyancy; that the soft rounded cheek was paler than was its wont.

"You're lookin' all run down, Dey!" he cried, in quick concern. "This hot weather's hurtin' you. It's high time you went away to--"

"Yes,' she interrupted wearily. "It's time I went away."

CHAPTER XVII. The Dust Days.

July held Granite in a hot, dry grip that parched the leaves and grass into a grayish green and with every vag-rant breeze set the dust devils a-danc-

Almost everybody was out of town,
—with the exception of some ninetenths of the city's total population.
These unfortunate town-bound mortals with the exception of some nine-tenths of the city's total population. These unfortunate town-bound mortals sweltered and sweated in office, store and cottage, or sweltered and died in the network of mean streets beyond the railroad tracks. Daily from the slums crept slow lines of carriages, headed too often by a hideous white vehicle which in grisly panoply was carrying some stient child on its first that could not be so readily post-poned. True, he had at last paid the deferred dinner call. But Miss Standish, the butler had said, was not at home. Twice he had repeated the visit, and both times had been met by the same message. This did not strike thim as at all peculiar. In summer, trip to the country; there to have the and both times had been met by the same message. This did not strike him as at all peculiar. In summer, people were apt to be out of doors, Perhaps to-night he might find her at home. At all events, the walk would lighten his loneliness.

Painfully donning his highest collar, gayest tie and new cream-colored crash suit, the Fighter turned his face toward Pownton Avenue. As he neartrip to the country; there to have the day of blessed release from noise and overcrowding marked—if the parents could scrape together enough insurance money—with a white stone. In gutter and alleyway of the tenement district swarmed the gaunt little survivors. In dorways or in shaded corners of roofs toward Pompton Avenue. As he near ed the Standish house, the murmur of or in overcrowded bars panted their

voices, occasional bursts of low laugh-ter and the idle twanging of a guitar reached his ears. Several people were grouped on the piazza. So interested were they in a story one of their num-ber was telling that Caleb stood on the elders.

The residence streets one by one had gone blind and lay empty, charged with a strange lifelessness. Ultra-exclusive Pompton Avenue, its houses converted into still mausoleums, baked under the merciless sun. Its lawn ran rank. From the wide thoroughfare itself arose endless whirle of dust and the small of boiling asphalt. A few homes still wore the awnings and veranda lattices of June; proclaiming the presence of tenants who could not yet shake from their feet—or from any other part of their grimed anatomies—the dust of the city. Letty, following eagerly each tone of the narrator's voice, in search of the psychological moment for laughing, looked up to see Conover towering over her, bulking huge against the dying It was Caine, who, sitting back among the shadows, rose as usual to the situation.

"Hello old chap!" he said, cordially, as he came forward. "You loomed up before us like a six-by-four ghost.

the dust of the city.

Caleb Conover, in his suffocating private office, tolled on untiring. On his chilled steeled nerves and toughened body, the heat hurled itself in vain. Coatless, collarless, without waistcoat, his shirt neck wide open. his suspenders hanging, he ploughed his suspenders hanging, he ploughed his daily route through mountains of work; his worn out office force plodding wearily in his impetuous wake. And in these days of dust and scorching sun. Caleb wat indeed making hay, after his own fashion. To him was due the fact that more Pompton Avenue residences were open this summer

nodding acknowledgement to the some-what cold recognition of the other callers. "I've been around two or three times. But I'm goin' to keep on call-in' just the same. It's lonesome in in' just the same. It's lonesome in town this summer. Lonesomer, seems to me, than it ever was before. So I'm goin' to stroll 'round here kind of often if you'll let me."

He had taken the place on the steps

momentarily vacated by a youth who had been sitting by Letty and who had risen when the girl introduced Con-over. Letty, while she tried to mur-mur something gracious in reply to his remark, found herself looking at his shadowy form in abject terror through the gloaming his light, alert eyes seemed to seize and hold her will. The hands she clasped nervously in her lap grew cold and damp. Her nose lap grew cold and damp. Her nose quivered a distress warning that the cruel darkness rendered of no avail. "Been up to the Arareek lately?" he

than ever before. Men who in social life were wont to look on him as a pariah, were none the less jumping as he pulled the commercial strings and were dancing to his music. For Caleb, his slow lines at length laid out, was making a general advance upon the financial defenses behind which for years the staid business men of the stammered.

"Neither've I," he answered. "Too hot for the walk. When it gete cooler years the staid business men of the county had dozed in short-sighted sehot for the walk. When it gets cooler I'm goin' to try and get there ev'ry week. I ought to go out more. I'm beginning to see that. My s'ciety manners are cettin' rusty. Fact is, I've had to hustle so hard all my life I've never took time to have any fun. But things are shapin' themselves now like I was goin' to have a chance to look around me at least. Then I hope I'll see more of you, Miss Standish,—a good deal more," he continued, lowering his voice to a rumble that ex-The first news of the attack came with the announcement of his merger of two railroads—the Oakland-Rodney and the Upstate—with the C. G. & X.; which virtually gave the last named share-holders stampeded by calamity-rumors, and holdings brought in at panic rates by the Fighter. Then had ering his voice to a rumble that ex-cluded the rest from the tete-a-tete. "I—I shall be very glad," faltered the come reorganization and-presto! the C. G. & X. had benevolently assimi-lated its two chief rivals. Men who

"I—I shall be very glad," faltered the poor girl.

"So'll I," he agreed. "I'm not such a stoopid, nose-to-the-grindstone feller as you may think, Miss Standish. I've been busy; that's all. Now that the cash is runnin' in, I'm goin' to enjoy it; an' try to do more in s'clety than I've been able to, so far. A single man don't get much show to rise in the social back yard; not without he has tricks. An' I haven't any,—thank the

know you were—"
"Married? I ain't. But I hope to be

mergers brought, at other hours, the Pompton Avenue element. Long were the conferences and deaply was the underworld stirred thereby. Thus, in the maze of hovels "across the tracks," as well as along the hill boulevards, did Caleb Conover cause unwonted activity of a sort, during the stifling days of dust.

Caine, remaining in town, more to glean in the path of Conover's sickle than to look after the interests of his own newspaper, was moved to ad-

own newspaper, was moved to admiring envy. The Steeloid deal which a few months earlier had meant so much for both himself and Conover, was now but a side issue with the latter; a mere detail whose ultimate fate could not materially affect his fast multiplying wealth. The campaign which for years had been Caleb's ob-

gasping again, at her own boldness, "even engaged to someone else."

"I don't think that'd worry me so very much." he said slowly, bending nearer to his shrinking hostess. "I'm in the habit of takin' what I want. An' I never yet found anyone who could keep me from doin' it. That sounds like a brag. But it ain't; as I hope I'il be able to show you some day."

The girl rose, shaking, to her feet. which for years had been Caleb's objective, was carried through now with a rush and daring that led onlookers, who knew not how long-devised was each seemingly wild move, to catch their breath and wonder when the crash would come. But the crash did he in these hot weeks of ceaseless rush possessed the leisure and will to explain his lightning moves.

The girl rose, shaking, to her feet. The advent of a new guest alone saved her from fleeing panic-stricken to her room. But as a step sounded on the walk below, she paused irresolute. "Good evening!" said the late comer, limping slightly as he mounted the

plain his lightning moves.

Blacarda, too,—emerging from retirement with scarred face, a useless left arm and a heart black with mingled dread, deathless hatred and an obsessed craving for revenge,—Blacarda noted his foe's sudden triumph and yearned to the depths of his semi-Semitic soul to turn in some way the Fighter's flank. But, for the moment, he was helpless. He could but set into motion such few schemes of his own as seemed feasible; and begin a course of underground counterplanning, whose sessed craving for revenge,—Biacarda noted his foe's sudden triumph and yearned to the depths of his semi-semitic soul to turn in some way the Fighter's flank. But, for the moment, he was helpless. He could but set into motion such few schemes of his own as seemed feasible; and begin a course of underground counterplanning, whose of underground counterplanning, whose femough to ease the hate that mastered him. Meantime, he kept out of the Fighter's way. For, even yet, his wrecked nerves thrilled treacherously at fear of physical nearness to the Reuben Standish, she went on; striv-ing by words to drown her dull terror: "You know everyone here. I think. Except perhaps—have you ever met

wrecked nerves thrilled treacherously at fear of physical nearness to the brute who had broken him.

To Caine's casual warning anent Blacarda, Caleb gave no heed whatever. He had conquered the man once. Should the need arise, he could do so again. In the meantime he had no Blacarda halted midway in a ster forward, and stood uncertain, gaping Caleb, however, was charmingly at his time to waste in following his vic-tim's crawling movements. Great was Caleb Conover. He was

"Nothing that deserves mention from any honest man," retorted Blacarda, his voice trembling with rage and an

with pleasant badinage. "Be careful to keep out of its way in the future, then, son. These things that don't 'deserve mention' are sometimes and to be dangerous." But, when the hot night came, and the day's warfare was over, there would ever come upon Conover an odd sense of emptiness, of lonely depression. More than once, absent mindedly, he caught himself planning to banish the feeling by picking up his hat and hurrying across to Desiree's home. Then, with a slight shock, he would remember that Desiree was in the Adirondacks and that he was—alone. He had always known the absent girl was necessary to his happiness; that without her he was a loveless, unlovable financial machine. But now he realized with a sick ache at his heart how utterly he had grown to depend upon her actual presence—on the constant knowledge that she was near. When this, his first clumsy effort at self-analysis, had been worked out Caleb laughed at himself for a fool. But there was as little merriment in serve mention' are sometimes apt to be dangerous. 'Specially when you get a second attack of 'em. Hey?" The words, blatantly meaningless to all save Caine and the man he ad-

dressed deprived Blacarda of speech. The injured man had an insane impulse to run away. The coarse joviality of his conqueror seemed more fraught with menace than an open threat would have been. The situation was saved by the arrival of Reuber Standish. The banker after a word of recognition to Blacarda, greeted Caleb with a warmth that sent ice to Letty's with a warmth that sent ice to Letty's heart. Not knowing that her father, like Caine, was also gleaning in the Conover field (and with a profit that bade fair to rehabilitate the crumbling Standish fortune), the girl read in his cordiality only the news that another had failen under the master sway of the Fighter's will.

In the confusion of several guests'

In the confusion of several guests' simultaneous departure Letty found a chance to slip away to her own room. Nor did she reappear until the sound of a loud "Goodnight!" and the crunch (Continued on Page 9.)

# **ABSOLUTE** SECURITY.

Genuine

## Carter's Little Liver Pills. CLEAN



FOR BILIOUSNESS.

FOR CONSTIPATION. FOR SALLOW SKIN. FOR THE COMPLEXION

went on.
"No. Yes—I—not very lately," sh

tricks. An' I haven't any,—thank the Lord! But even if I can't get a lot of popularity for myself, why—maybe I can annex some of it in my wife's

"Your wife?" she interposed, a hope breaking through the pall of miser; that was settling over her. " I didn'

"Married? I ain't. But I hope to be before I'm so very much older. Ev'ry man ought to marry. 'Specially a man with my money an' p'sition. I'm able to support a wife, better'n any other feller you know. Don't you think I'd ought to get one?"

The girl's dry tongue refused its office. Conover went on in the same loasthed undertone of confidence.

"I've 'bout male up my mind on that point, Miss Standish. An' when I an' the young lady I have in mind gets to

point, Miss Standish. An' when I an' the young lady I have in mind gets to be a little better acquainted, I hope she'll agree with me."

"Suppose," grasped Letty, for once fighting back the tears, "suppose the girl you picked out happened. "S be in love with someone else? Or even," gasping again, at her own boldness, "even engaged to someone else."

"Hello, Blacarda!" he said effusively.
'Hear you've been laid up. Too bad!
What was it that knocked you out?"



CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE.

FOR TORPID LIVER.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.



## Not to Forget "Nugget"

"A reminder that when I than 100 polishes in each go shopping today I must get box, enough for over three a box each of 'Nugget' months use. Polishes-black and tan. \* 20 millions of boxes each

-Or if I order goods from the grocer or druggist Limust learned the happy habit of include 'Nugget' with my keeping their shoes well 'Nugget"

Today is "NUGGET none too soon to learn that POLISHES Polishes and "Nugget" is the greatest For Shoes Kits (Polish, thing that ever

is enough to keep shoes look-ing spick and span. drug stores, grocery stores, 'Nugget'' feeds the leather, makes it soft, smooth and

flexible, banishes cracks and creases. Keeps new shoes looking new and makes old shoes look like new. "Nugget" waterproofs the leather and makes it wear

and wear and WEAR. 'Nugget" is not sticky and won't come off on the clothing no other polish is so cleanly to use. More

happened for shoes. Two ishing Pad in a little box) quick and easy minutes a day are sold at good shoe stores,



10c a Box-Black or Tan

## FINE Wines and Liquors

## BRIDGEPORT DISTRIBUTING CO.,

102 STATE STREET, NEAR PUBLIC MARKET California Port or Sherry, 75 cents per gallon. Port, Sherry, Tokay, Muscatel, Rhine Wine, etc. Full quart Sherwood Rye Whiskey, \$1.00. Cooking Brandy, Liquors, Cordials, Ale and Lager Beer. Free Delivery. Telephone 264-3

New Made Spring Butter, fresh from the churn 28c PER POUND

ALWAYS CLEAN. CLEAR, PURE, WHOLESOME

For household use there is nothing superior—the biblocks are frozen from water that has been purified being both filtered and distilled before freezing—could to f a way to make it purer?

THE NAUGATUCK VALLEY ICE CO.

421 HOUSATONIC AVENUE

Down Town Office 154 FAIRFIELD AVENUE

130 State St

Main Street

Established 1847 Main Office

Stratford Avenue

WAKE UP! STOP DREAMING : : have advanced and will soon be higher. Let us fill your bins NOW

THE ARNOLD COAL COMPANY YARD AND MAIN OFFICE Branch Office GEO. B. CLAR & CO. 150 Housetonic Aven 30 Fairfield Avenue

## and WOOD COAL=

Flour, Grain, Hay and Straw, WHOLESALE Telephone 481-6 BERKSHIRE MILLS.

Try Sprague's Extra GRADE LEHIGH COAL

COAL Sprague Ice&CoalCo. WOOD East End East Washington Ave. Bridge

# ABSOLUTELY

COAL GUARANTEED

SCREENED BY A NEW MACHINE

month at wholesale and must soon advance at retail. DO NOT DELAY ORDERING

just installed, and we invite customers to call at our yard and see it in operation. Coal is advancing in price each

WHEELER & HOWES, 944 MAIN ST. Yard, East End Congress Street Bridge

WANT ADVS. ONE CENT A WORD.

For over 128 years this whiskey has been the standard by which all others were judged. Once you try James E. Pepper

Bottledin Bond Established 1780

Order by Mail

T. J. MURPHY, 881 Main Street

variety.



How To Improve Business

ONE OF THE \* MOST ESSENTIAL MODERN BUSINESS, IS A SELECT

**Book and Job** Printers . . . .

ADVERTISE IN THE FARMER.